

# April Horse R A C E: O R, T H E Prodigal BAKER,

*Beaten in a Horse Race on the Twelfth of April, he having lay'd Four hundred Guineas to Seventeen, which Wager he lost, to the laughing Satisfaction of the People. The Tune, O brave Popery.*



**Y**OU Bakers now do you not hear the sad news,  
How one of your Brothers has happen'd to lose  
A Race, which does cause him to fret, grieve and muse:  
*O poor Baker now, sorrowful Baker now,  
Four hundred Guineas has lost.*

This Baker got well by the Bread that he sold,  
Who could lay four hundred Guineas in gold,  
Against seventeen; you'd say he was bold:  
*O poor Baker now, prodigal Baker now,  
Four hundred Guineas has lost.*

The Wager was laid on an old scrubbed Horse,  
By which he sustained this terrible loss;  
His Guineas are gone without any remorse:  
*Oh! the Baker now, sorrowful Baker now,  
Four hundred Guineas has lost.*

It seems he was prodigal, eager and hot,  
And since he has met with so fatal a lot,  
'Twas well if the Money was honestly got:  
*Oh! the Baker now, prodigal Baker now,  
Four hundred Guineas has lost.*

Betimes in the Morning the Race was begun,  
From Shoreditch to Ware the old Horse was to run,  
And then back again; it was instantly done:  
*Oh! the Baker now, &c.  
Four hundred, &c.*

The like of this Wager sure never was seen,  
Full four hundred Guineas against seventeen,  
The Baker he ventur'd; now, what did he mean:  
*Oh! the Baker now, &c.  
Four hundred, &c.*

This Horse he was loaded with many long Years,  
But ah! how he pranced and prick'd up his Ears,  
In order, to pay off the Baker's Arrears:  
*Oh! the Baker now, &c.  
Four hundred, &c.*

We need not to grieve if his loss had been more,  
For Bakers this Winter has punished the Poor,  
By raising their Bread, to replenish their store:  
*Oh! the Baker now, &c.  
Four hundred, &c.*

We make no great question but some of the rest,  
By whom all the Winter the Poor was oppress'd;  
May, by their own follies, bewray their own Nest;  
*Oh! the Baker now, &c.  
Four hundred, &c.*

The Gold which he has so unluckily lay'd,  
And lost, if it had been lay'd out of Trade;  
Some Millions of halfpenny Rows would have made:  
*Oh! the Baker now, &c.  
Four hundred, &c.*

The Bakers of late merry lives they have led,  
Who rowled in Money by raising of Bread,  
But this amongst many is worthily spread:  
*Oh! the Baker now, &c.  
Four hundred, &c.*

I hope he now has enough of a Race,  
Since there is few or none now that pities his case,  
But e'ry one fliggers and laughs in his Face:  
*Oh! the Baker now, &c.  
Four hundred, &c.*

Since he has more Money than many of us,  
And therefore the Baker was proud of his Purse,  
Or else he would never have ventured thus:  
*Oh! the Baker now, prodigal Baker now,  
Four hundred Guineas has lost.*

This Money it might have been better imploy'd,  
Then thus to be lost in a Galloping ride;  
But what shall we say, it may pull down his pride:  
*Oh! the Baker now, Meal-men and Bakers now,  
Never lay Wagers like him.*

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